The Art of Punishment

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The Art of Punishment

by cmsprite79

Summary

Hannibal's favorite art project is not conforming quickly enough to his ideal; therefore, with the help of a certain device, Hannibal corrects his training technique and, quite literally, straightens Will out. This story can be read as standalone but is part of my series Kiss of the Serpent's tongue and it is recommended you have read the other stories to get a background feel for this one.

Notes

Hannibal and Will's relationship in this series is not safe or sane (much like the show). This story is not a how-to for BDSM practice. Here is my standard PSA to please play responsibly and always have a safeword: Please play responsibly and always have a safeword. This story goes back and forth between Will's current punishment and what immediately preceded it. Flashbacks are in italics. See end notes for a few content warnings, etcetera, but be aware they contain spoilers.

See the end of the work for more notes

For a while now, Hannibal could tell that Will had been fighting not to give in to tears. He had turned down the music emanating from his office speakers so he could listen to and appreciate the minute sniffles Will allowed himself. The heavy-duty carabiner clip holding Will to the polished and lighted oak frame rattled with each quaking breath he took as he stood below it just at the edge of the Persian carpet. Will's watering eyes were fixed on the high ceiling of Hannibal's office by design, not by choice. He didn't dare lower his chin.

"You consider me a good friend, don't you, Will?" Hannibal stood closely in front of Will, suit jacket off, everything else buttoned up tight and neat.

"More than that, but yes." Hannibal smiled and leisurely shifted position to stand behind Will. From there, his hands came up around Will's torso and started unbuttoning Will's shirt.

Slowly, Hannibal rose from behind his desk where he had been sketching and walked over to admire the stunning, *living* art installation Will had provided for him this evening. It was a punishment, really, for not absorbing and applying the posture training Hannibal had so generously spent hours and hours giving him. Will would learn to appreciate proper posture after this, though, that was certain.

"Good friends help each other, don't they?"

"Yes," said Will, equal parts curiosity and caution.

"Well, I am going to help you today." Hannibal took Will's button-down and tossed it on the patient chair and then began untucking Will's undershirt. Will remained passive, letting Hannibal perform the task usually delegated to him. "Your posture is lacking, despite my efforts at training you. Normally I would blame the submissive in such cases." He unbuckled Will's belt and unfastened his pants. "But I realize the fault lies with me. I haven't given you my all, and for that I sincerely apologize."

Hannibal took out his silver-blue pocket square and dabbed it at the corners of Will's heaven-cast eyes. The delicate folds of Will's eyelids fluttered closed in despair, releasing a torrent of fresh tears to cascade down his cheeks. "Shh," cooed Hannibal and continued to dab for a moment before standing back and taking all of Will in. Will cautiously swallowed saliva and backsliding mucus. His breath shuddered in and out through his flaring nostrils. The lighting positioned along the wooden frame made the muscles of his body stand out in stark relief. Perspiration caused by the heat from the lights and the stress position created a glistening coating over most of his torso. As it alternately broke out and dried anew, the sweat created a cooling sensation, causing Will to shiver lightly all over. Mesmerizing reflections scintillated on the gleaming, polished metal forcing Will upright.

Will grinned and half turned to look at Hannibal over his shoulder. Hannibal pushed his pants down to his thighs and kissed him on the mouth. "Mm, you don't have to, mm yeah, apologize," said Will between kisses. "I should do better."

"Nevertheless, I intend to correct my mistake. Poor posture can lead to all kinds of health problems. We wouldn't want that," said Hannibal and bent his head to inhale Will's scent at

the nape of Will's neck. Will titled his head back and closed his eyes, enjoying the attention. The acrid taint of encephalitis brewing and bubbling like some witch's cauldron of bitter herbs reminded Hannibal that his training of Will was on an accelerated schedule. He opened his mouth wide, as though about to take a huge chunk out of Will's trapezius and bit down, carefully scraping the skin without puncturing it and squeezing the muscle while applying gentle suction. Will moaned.

Hannibal's famished, calculating eyes roamed Will from head to toe. He reached out a hand from a distance of a couple of feet and ran his fingertips down Will's side to the wide metal belt around Will's waist. Will's muscles contracted and Will nearly gave a whole body flinch but he saved himself from certain disaster, forcing his body to unnatural stillness. More sweat dripped down his forehead, plastering his curly hair to his skin. "Exquisite," said Hannibal in a tight, awed whisper. Will struggled to swallow again, to keep his head up as he had for the past hour and a half. He had to keep it up. He had *incentive* perched just under his chin. Hannibal had seen to that.

"Does you 'helping' me have anything to do with that?" Will asked, pointing to the large, upside-down u-shaped wooden frame on the other side of the room, as Hannibal sucked and nibbled his shoulder and neck.

"It does," answered Hannibal and paused. His left arm hugged Will across the stomach and Will's right hand came up to hold it lightly, rubbing the strong muscle under his clothes. "Does that intimidate you?"

*"I don't see why it should, yet," said Will and an amused sound left Hannibal's throat. "*That noise*, though, makes me nervous," Will added. Hannibal smirked and pressed a kiss against Will's head.*

Hannibal's hand left Will's flank and he moved away, stalking around the wooden frame to which Will was tethered. The sturdy, weight-bearing carabiner clip descended from a bolt anchored in the top beam of the frame and attached on the other end to a long, narrow metal bar that ran the length of Will's spine. Hannibal could see Will's hands unconsciously twitching, unable to move far due to the wide metal cuffs that bound his wrists together to a short metal plate which attached via adjustable peg to the bar. His biceps were similarly cuffed to a second plate, binding his arms tightly behind him. This thrust his chest out in front, showcasing the glinting silver nipple rings Will had gotten at Hannibal's insistence. Still higher, a padded metal posture collar fastened to the bar forced Will's head erect. The wide belt around his waist supported the whole contraption and provided a fastening for the padlocked metal band that trapped Will's genitals and bore discrete openings for both piss and shit, or insertables, depending on the length of Will's punishment and Hannibal's mood.

Hannibal unlocked Will's cock cage then removed and pocketed it. "Here, finish taking off your clothes and stand under the frame, facing my desk," instructed Hannibal. Will did as asked while Hannibal picked up something from under a blanket on the chaise lounge which had been pushed to the side to accommodate the frame. They met under the frame and Hannibal reached around Will, telling him sternly to face front when Will tried to see what Hannibal was doing behind him.

“Is that a chastity belt? How’s that supposed to help my posture?” asked Will dubiously, having caught a glimpse of the metal belt and band before he turned around.

“You’ll see,” said Hannibal. “Be a good boy and tuck yourself in, just there. That’s it.” He guided Will to insert his cock into a small metal tube in the cupped portion at the front of the band. In a few deft movements, Will’s genitals were locked away.

“It’s um, a little snug.” Will’s voice rose an octave. It was more constricting than the cage he’d gotten used to over the weeks of his and Hannibal’s dominant-submissive relationship, practically pushing his cock and balls back between his legs.

“It’s supposed to be.”

“Oh.”

Continuing his circuit around Will, Hannibal could tell Will was rapidly starting to weaken. It wouldn’t be long now before he would have to release him from the posture correction device. He took another step, relished the hitch in Will’s breathing, noticed how a fine tremor undermined the strength of Will’s legs, and saw how the expression on Will’s face betrayed a certain kind of relief-in-pain, one that could be seen in old paintings like that of Carlo Dolci’s *Saint Agatha*, a stunning example of Baroque Florentine art.

“I feel like the Tin Man,” grumbled Will as Hannibal bolted the bar to both the heavy posture collar and the belt.

Hannibal chuckled. “Now you see how this is going to help you?”

“Uh, hum, yeah. Hannibal?” There was a delectably uncertain tone to Will’s voice.

“Yes, my darling?” Hannibal’s broad hands skimmed down over Will’s shoulders, coming to rest on his biceps which he had not yet cuffed to the bar.

“Why am I *being punished for* your *mistake?”*

That pleasantly surprised noise that Hannibal made often around Will escaped Hannibal’s throat and Hannibal gave Will’s shoulders a squeeze. “Perceptive boy,” murmured Hannibal. Louder he said, “I have to punish you. I can’t very well punish myself, can I?”

Hannibal checked his watch outside of Will’s peripheral vision. Fifteen minutes more, he decided. Will could handle it. He came around to face Will once again and put his hand up to the turn screw under Will’s chin. Will snorted a hard breath and spittle flew from sputtered lips. But then a deep whine began and he gritted through his teeth, “No, n-no,” as Hannibal turned the screw up rather than down. “Ngh!” A bead of blood welled and slid down the spike attached to Will’s collar and Hannibal closed his eyes, inhaling deeply the bitter-sweet tang of Will’s fear and suffering and the fever smell of rich, tainted copper.

With another little squeeze, he let go of Will’s shoulders, fetched the arm and wrist cuffs and their plates from the chaise, and returned to put them on Will. “Hands,” he ordered and Will held his wrists together behind his back so Hannibal could cuff him. He could tell Will felt the

strain in his shoulders the minute the plate bolting them to the long bar was in place, moreso when his biceps got the same treatment.

Will let out a grunt of discomfort and asked, "How long do I have to stand in this thing?"

"Until you've atoned for my sins," answered Hannibal, adjusting the knob on one of the pegs. Will shifted, trying to get used to the odd position and the weight of all the constricting metal, but it wasn't happening.

"I'm a little nervous. I don't know how many sins you've committed," said Will.

"In this instance you only have to pay for my sin of pride in thinking I could train you like any other submissive." Hannibal paused to flick the little silver loops embedded in Will's nipples and Will gasped slightly. "This frame above you can withstand the weight of two grown men hung deadweight from it but I expect you to remain on your feet." He continued to play with Will's nipples while he spoke, outlining the rules for Will's punishment. "Keep facing my desk and maintain good posture at all times. Like you should *display for me wherever we are and whatever position I put you in. That's the goal. Is that clear?"*

Will took a shallow breath, chest straining, and answered, "Crystal."

"Good boy." Hannibal petted Will on the head and hooked the carabiner clip to the frame. Will had to stand up even straighter for him to accomplish this. When it was done, Hannibal stood in front of Will and ran his hands down Will's side, stroking gently, watching Will's face for a moment. Will bore a resigned look but also a need to please shone in his eyes. Then Hannibal reached into his pocket. "Chin up."

"It is up."

"Up more*." Hannibal's expression brooked no disobedience.*

When he opened his eyes, he saw that Will was staring at the ceiling again, but this time it wasn't the ceiling Will was seeing. His beautiful mind had gone elsewhere, perhaps to his stream, and his azure eyes were distant, dissociating. Hannibal stroked a thumb over Will's tearstained cheek. Should he be merciful and tell Will that he only had to suffer another fourteen and a half minutes? A soft patter on the rug below made his decision for him. Silently, he stepped away from the spreading stain on the carpet and resumed his seat at the desk where he reached for his phone and turned up the speakers.

Will did his best to raise his chin as high as it would go. Hannibal screwed the spike onto the collar. "The pièce de résistance," he intoned as the tip of the spike threatened the integrity of Will's mandible. Will's mouth clamped shut. His eyes closed against the pressure-pain of the sharpened metal. "There," whispered Hannibal and his hands brushed down the front of Will's torso and up to cup Will's radiant face. "You'll be good for me and let me sketch you, won't you?" he crooned, not expecting an answer.

He loved this particular aria from La bohème, "Che gelida manina," the soulful Rodolfo pouring his sad poet's life out to the beautiful Mimi. Briefly he smiled as the music reached its peak and he returned to his sketch, wondering if Will would be able to appreciate the

music without understanding the words. Across the room, Will stood in a puddle of his own piss, mind a terrifying, yet somehow soothing blank of velvet nothingness. He relaxed into the posture corrector after fighting it for what felt like eons, his spine and limbs seemingly fused to the metal. Unbeknown to him, another bead of blood welled and slid like a viscous tear down the spike.

***

"Come back to me. That's it, come," said Hannibal softly, stroking Will's shiver-racked body and caressing his face gently as he spoke in soothing tones designed to bring a sense of security. He had had to put his arm under Will to keep him from collapsing when the fifteen minutes were over. He'd removed the spike from under Will's chin and freed him from all but the belt and crotch band. Then he'd carried Will over to the chaise lounge and laid him there, examining the damage from the spike and deeming it but a small puncture. A little iodine, a bandage, and Will would heal fine.

"What's that pile under the sheet?" Will stood with his hands in his pockets, gesturing with his head at the neatly stacked sections of finished lumber and lighting fixtures Hannibal had ordered delivered.

"Just a little construction project. You'll see it when it's finished," Hannibal replied casually from his seat. Will gave a nod and a little smile and returned to his circumambulation of the office. Hannibal noted the slump of Will's shoulders, the forward, defensive tilt of Will's head, and Will's un-ironed appearance.

Hannibal tucked the blanket he had fetched from his cabinet around Will's body and petted him as Will glacially returned to normal consciousness. When Will finally came to, he moved away from Hannibal's touch and curled up on his side, distant. "Did I piss your carpet?" he whispered, followed immediately by, "I'm sorry."

Granted, Hannibal knew Will was sick, though Will himself did not know it, and he could forgive Will some lack of attention to his appearance until such a time as the illness was treated. Will was likely exhausted as his immune system fought the disease and it showed in the way he handled his body. But that was no real excuse when Hannibal had dedicated many of their sessions and parts of sessions to getting Will in the habit of keeping his bearing as poised and regal as Hannibal's own in position after position.

Hannibal tilted his head to try and catch Will's eye but Will remained aloof and wouldn't allow it. Hannibal looked down in imitation of regret and then looked back to Will who he found staring at him with glassy eyes. "There's a simple fix for that the next time I have to correct your posture in that manner," said Hannibal and Will stiffened.

Several weeks ago, Hannibal had acknowledged he needed something more than just rote training to ingrain dignity into Will's posture and drive the message home that Will should carry himself like a king… or a god. He wanted Will to be proud in his submission, not simpering or self-shaming. Hannibal had considered several measures: the traditional posture collar and some leather straps descending from the collar to bind Will's arms at the small of his back, a commercial posture corrector like those advertised to office workers suffering from head-forward posture and kyphosis, even a non-invasive halo brace with

added clamshell lumbar support though it would be cumbersome for most BDSM activities (and then an invasive *halo brace but that would have been too extreme and he would have had to work doubly hard to manipulate the world around them to manage such a divine punishment, including getting Will's encephalitis treated first and perhaps arranging an "accident" for Will to explain the brace). Then he had come across the metal device on the internet with its shiny, polished stainless cuffs, the belt and bar, the spiked collar and the appropriate punishment had all come together in an exhilarating rush in Hannibal's mind.*

"I will simply provide a receptacle for you to urinate in and spare my rug." Will let out a dry little sobbing laugh, face unable to settle on a single expression. "But I won't have to correct you again, will I, Will?" At that, Will started to cry. After a moment spent watching Will dissolve, Hannibal pulled him into a hug and hushed him and kissed him. Will bent his head and leaned on Hannibal's shoulder, wetting Hannibal's vest and shirt with his tears. "It's all over. It's all done. Don't cry." Hannibal murmured this and other reassurances, letting Will absorb the hidden threat in his question and internalize it. He suspected (correctly) that the next time he put Will through his paces or initiated any kind of scene, that Will's posture would be picture perfect no matter which position Hannibal put him in.

End Notes

CW: blood but nowhere near show-level gore, more like just a dab; urination (Will pisses himself by accident; no this is not an omorashi fic)

PS: The posture device Hannibal uses on Will actually exists, though I've only seen pictures of it on a woman so I modified the chastity-looking part to fit Will's male anatomy. It's not an easy item to describe. Also, I figured Hannibal would have a more elegant frame than the metal one in the pictures I saw so I changed it to a wooden one.

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